

FROM MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD

Old-fashioned cabbage-roses, pink and
warm as a woman's flesh; blue paling
fences. Periwinkle and bird. Balsams.
Everywhere, beetles like green beads; bees.
Black and orange butterflies; clover; a
patch of daisies like a child's pale face.
Saturday morning. Suburbia. Someone's
back-yard.

Suddenly, I am ten years old again, wading
through seas of brown and yellow nasturtiums;
watching sunlight, like water, moving
among shivery grass. Climbing camphor-laurel
trees, hands scratched and knees. Sometimes,
falling out of branches. Somersaulting.
Finding the earth, like a coin, gold
and hard.

JOAN MAS